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The City of Gold

JASON M. BERGER '58



CAPTAIN Francisco Cassolo, known also to his soldiers as Francisco el Malo (Francisco the Evil), cursed wildly at the jungle and ordered his sluggish column of soldiers to halt, when he suddenly came to the edge of a wide, black, and utterly putrid swamp somewhere in the midst of regions now designated as Central Mexico. The merciless heat beat down on the muddy soldiery, who now marched out of dumb obedience. Gone was the zeal that the expedition had displayed upon departing from Ponta de Capa in search of the Aztec shrine of Malkar. Now, all that dragged the Spaniard to continue his perilous march was his wild and passionate avarice for riches. His destination: the golden city and mines of Malkar.

During the plunder of many Aztec villages along the route, golden cups and bowls, jeweled trinkets, and bright icons, all of which his covetous eyes had seen, seized control of Francisco's mind; and all his dreams on those hot, wet nights, all his desires as he marched and cut through

the vines and underbrush, and even his thoughts in the times between were concerned only with the plunder of Malkar.

That evening, having progressed to a point well beyond the morass, Francisco again halted the expedition to rest until daylight. No sooner had the column become a loose crowd, settling noisily about the area, than darkness was already upon them; for in those hellish regions night came upon the expedition like a sudden squall on the high seas. The soldiers fell asleep almost immediately.

The next day the expedition struck out to a ridge where all about them appeared expansive and majestic mountains, some snow-crested and others cloud-capped. Before them suddenly appeared a long expanse of plain, curving in a slow arc; and in the far, far distance, at the summit of a lofty plateau, almost out of sight except for the bright gleam of reflected sunlight, stood the towers and walls of the city of Malkar.

That afternoon, the guards of the city wall left their posts to report a strange

sight to the priest of the sun-god. Sitting on a throne in the council hall and surrounded by six of his elders, the priest was just concluding the daily interviews when the large doors of the hall swung open on their stone hinges to admit the guards. When the council heard what these men had seen, they dismissed them and consulted one another: "Surely," they agreed in a dialect long, long since lost to the world, "this is a sign directly from Ta-Peck. It is an omen, an announcement of the coming festival of the sun." They looked at the elder priest, who replied to their questioning looks:

"Surely, it must be of Ta-Peck. Therefore, decree it to the city; post it upon the square; prepare the holy ones; and make the place ready for the visiting gods."

It was decreed and done.

Meanwhile a new feeling had taken hold of the Spaniards. The sun was forgotten and so were their miseries and aching bodies. A quicker, almost running pace threw the column across the plain. Light gleamed on their armor, tongues wetted at the thought of the booty; and Francisco, marching foremost, could not take his eyes off the golden city. The soldiers shouted and readied their spirits for battle. As he marched, Francisco plotted the storming of the city. He took in its location, he noted paths up the sides of the mountain, and shouted orders back to his eager men. Now there was a joy in the ranks of the Spaniards! Like flashed fury they raced across the plain, while at the same moment the inhabitants of the city were preparing the feast for the gods of Ta-Peck, whom they saw approaching.

When the Spaniards reached the foot of the plateau, it was late afternoon; and all along the walls stood the citizens. From several rock cauldrons, Greek fire sparkled, giving the walls, the plateau, and the soldiers below an awesome hue. Quite unexpectedly, the huge gates of the city swung open; and down the slope slowly walked a procession of old, bearded men who were attired in garments of various colors. Behind them followed another procession of men in long yellow robes, who walked with their arms crossed. The Spaniards were bewildered. Francisco gave orders for silence. He himself was surprised at the strange behavior of the city he was about to attack. He waited cautiously.

On the walls, between two blazing cauldrons, a crowd of women sang in a strange tongue of broken utterances. When the

pitch of the song reached a high point, it softened and slowly died away. It was then that the leaders of the party stopped before Francisco, now as completely confused as he had been fired with greed only minutes before, and bowed low. The old men spoke in a broken tongue, bowed again, and turned about. When Francisco finally realized what was going on, he turned to his aides and ordered the column to follow him into the city. Then the singing began again, only now even the citizens on the wall joined in loudly.

The soldiers looked about awkwardly and followed their orders. The climb was short, and the men were curious to see the city. Then, when they passed through the gates, they became perhaps the only white men ever to see the lavish interior of that city.

The quartz walls enclosed a marble pavement with many strange mosaic representations. The fires cast a white-yellow gleam on the golden spires and the spherical and rectangular habitations arranged geometrically along the inside of the wall. Crowds stood about, while women and tiny bronze-colored children stood before the doors of their houses. A hush held the spectators, as the column of armor was led to the center of the square.

Long tables had been set up. Men in exotically beautiful costumes waited by the tables laden with food native to the region: meat, chicken, tropical fruits, coconuts, berries, figs, odd tidbits, and a blue beverage which no white man had ever before tasted. The tables, the stools, the costumes, and the utensils displayed jade, diamonds, emeralds, gold, and silver. Francisco and his men gazed hard around them. And though passions subsided somewhat at el Malo's orders, the Spaniards were ready to fight to the death at an instant's signal, to pillage and slaughter, and to make their own the riches of the city.

But Francisco's stomach presided over his passions, and so the crafty captain ordered his men to sit as the priests were doing. Almost immediately, the whole settlement was participating in the feast; and though a black night covered the plateau, the blaze of the fires brightened everything. All rejoiced at the coming of the gods.

In the course of the evening, while the citizens took part in the revels and the Spaniards gorged themselves, el Malo and his aides roamed the city and planned their plunder. Later that night, the expedition was led to evening quarters.

Another morning came. As the high priest and the populace thronged about the altars, the Spaniards deployed and waited el Malo's command. The citizens were dressed in all their exotic finery. Suddenly, as all heads were raised to the sky in solemn prayer, Francisco raised his sword and shrieked, "Now, now!"

With sudden and explosive force, three hundred Spaniards, screaming, shouting, leaping about, burst upon the populace, swinging double-edged swords right and left and down upon the defenseless citizens. A miserable yell went up everywhere. Priests, savagely cut down, toppled from the altars with incense still in their hands. In minutes, the streets lay piled with mutilated bodies, and the white marble turned red. When all the screams had died down, and the city had been reduced to rubble, the greedy Spaniards surrounded by his forces, stood at the foot of the idol of Ta-Peck.

"The jewels, the gold!" screamed el Malo. Panic seized the men. Greed, its cruel, black features on every Spanish face, dashed through the city. Cows and horses, the only animals left in the city, were loaded down with booty, as sacks were filled with silver and trinkets, temples and houses stripped bare; and even the huge, green jewels were snatched from the idol of Ta-Peck.

There was another feast that night, but no choirs sang, nor any priests prayed. The chaos and tumult of the Lower Regions never reigned more fully than at that drunken orgy of the Spanish expedition. Night passed quickly, as before, and the morning of the third day lit up the devastating slaughter.

No one noticed when one soldier, attracted by an abode set back in a remote corner of the city, walked up to the place. Hoping that no sacking had been made there, and desiring to get one piece of booty for himself (for he realized that most of the booty would undoubtedly be claimed by el Malo), he entered the house quickly. Bodies lay on small mats. Closer inspection revealed that the occupants had not been murdered, but had died from some other cause. At the end of the room was a small idol with a green jewel set in the belly. The soldier eagerly broke it off and hid it in his panoply. It was then, when he had become accustomed to the darkness of the chamber, that he looked again at the bodies and saw that they were shrivelled and covered with black spots. All the bodies were



in the same condition. He recoiled with disgust and quickly left the chamber with the jewel. In a moment the soldier was lost in the crowd of armor.

With the cows and horses, the gold and jewels, and the rest of the booty, the expedition left the city, slowly descended the slope of the plateau, and started the trek across the plain. Silhouetted grotesquely against the sky, Malkar was like a pin-nacled corpse, devoid of all signs of life and no longer glistening in its golden shimmer.

Days stretched into weeks; and toward the end of the third week Francisco and his aides were summoned to the other end of the camp. They pushed their way through a large crowd of mumbling soldiers, where, lifelessly sprawled on the ground, contorted and hideously consumed, were four of el Malo's men. The peculiar smell of decay emanated from the bodies.

"Bury them," muttered Francisco, turning from the disgusting sight. As he walked away, the crowd began to whisper in frightened tones:

"They were in pain for five days; did you see?"

"Yes, I've never seen anything so horrible!"

"Shrivelled in five days."

"We'll all die; it's the curse of Malkar!"

The last statement seemed to penetrate the soldiers the most deeply, and caused a

great many to pray for forgiveness. Francisco, who was actually worried, inquired of his half-apothecary, half-doctor Quidior whether he recognized the disease. When Quidior said no, el Malo ordered the expedition to break camp. During the next few days, twenty others were seized with paroxysms and pains, and a hundred others imagined similar symptoms. Then Quidior himself died. Man after man shrivelled, suffered pain, and died with the hideous blackspots. The expedition became frantic.

To add to their sufferings, the rains came, bringing mosquitoes and the dread yellow fever. Two months went by in this way. The party lost over two hundred. Those that still lived struggled feebly against jungle dampness, bugs, fevers, and fear, to reach Ponta de Capa. Spurred on only by the huge masses of wealth in their possession, they fought through the jungle.

Francisco Cassolo became a machine. All felt that the experience had rendered him insane. He kept a shrewd distance from the camp and the men, refused to eat the same foods or from the same plates as the rest of the expedition, or even to step on the same ground. All this time, more died from the spotted death.

Two more weeks passed, when finally the environs of Ponta de Capa came into view. A day later, thirty-five wretched soldiers and their leader made their way through the streets crowded with spectators and stopped before the port house and military headquarters. The dirty animals were unloaded and then set free. The riches were carefully carried down to the cellar vaults of the building, and all the men were then dismissed, with the exception of a guard. Francisco himself remained close by the guard.

Earlier that month, a ship in his Majesty's service had landed with provisions and settlers. Among the men that had seen the

procession down the city streets was a certain Senor Sperantes, the ship captain's aide, who was eager to inspect the treasure more closely. And so he visited Captain Cassolo on the following day. For an hour the gentleman listened to the proud adventurer spout off the details of the expedition in bloated particulars. He endured all this, and, when the captain finally consented to show him the treasure, he was very pleased. He had told Cassolo that he had friends at court who might wish to purchase some of the jewels. Francisco accompanied the gentleman, himself, for his suspicious nature would not allow anyone to go alone to the vaults.

Francisco unlocked the first door, then another interior one, and led the ship captain's aide down to the vaults. Seignior Sperantes grew wide-eyed at the sight of the jewels and the ingots of gold. Reaching into his pocket, he removed a small leather case out of which he took a jeweler's glass. While the adventurer stood by triumphantly, the gentleman pawed over the jewels and inspected them closely. Then the seignior removed the glass, held up a diamond, and dropped it on to the stone floor. When the diamond shattered into a thousand tiny pieces, he began to laugh. Then he reached for a gold bar and scraped it with his knife. Then, unable to restrain himself any longer, he threw back his head and laughed loudly.

"What . . . what's the matter?" gasped Francisco. He grabbed Sperantes by the shoulders.

"Your jewels, your riches are . . . fakes, captain! The jewels are glass! Those Aztecs must have been. . . ." Sperantes leaned against the wall and laughed wildly.

". . . And the gold, *the gold*?" shouted el Malo frantically.

"Painted . . . painted, senor conquistador! Painted!" and he roared on with laughter.

The Lady of the Spaceways

(paraphrased from "The Lady of the Lake")

JOEL GORDON and NICHOLAS PERAKIS '60

*The ship at eve had drunk its fill,
When danced the flame at Canaveral;
And loud its midnight roar had made
While on the launching pad it stayed;
And then, with e'er increasing blast,
Into the heavens it soared at last.*

*And when the sun his beacon bright
had kindled on Russia's satellite,
The deep-mouthed space-hound's jealous
bay
Resounded up the Milky Way;
For he'd been wakened from his sleep
By our Explorer's ominous "beep".*

Sellout

KENNETH LAWRENCE FREED '59

The following address was delivered at a meeting of the U. of P. M. B. & H. S., April 26, in Portland. The speaker was John Parker.

Gentlemen:

It has come to my attention during my recent study of our history, that the good reputation of one of our old members, long considered above-board and beyond reproach, is highly questionable. We have long assumed Abraham Lincoln, our thirteenth president, to have been a most honorable and well-intentioned individual. Unfortunately, this assumption is incorrect.

I have before me a photostat of a letter written by Mr. Lincoln to his wife Gertrude. This letter has been examined and certified by a research bureau. I have done all that has been in my power to investigate every possible discrepancy in the bureau's findings. The findings have been conclusive. I, therefore, may say that there is definitely no chance of forgery. Close inspection of this document and other related material revealed to my surprise that Lincoln betrayed our Union. But, do not let me bore you with my opinions. I shall read the letter so that you will be able to draw your own conclusions. . . .

Dear Gert:

January 14, '63
Boston

Just spoke to Jeff Davis (*Lincoln refers to the president of the Confederacy of course.*) He says my information about our organization was of great use. I do hope the boys back home won't mind, but I thought this was the best thing to do. (*Who is he trying to kid? Obviously, he has sold us out!*) I was shocked when Jeff asked whether I wanted anything in return, as I certainly did not do this for mercenary reasons. (*Well isn't Ol' Abe clever? Obviously this was the pay-off meeting.*) We talked over old times and had a jolly good time. (*The remainder of the letter is an unsuccessful attempt to justify his sellout. Lincoln closes the letter with this rather incriminating postscript.*) Gert, I'm happy to say that I believe there is reason for optimism in my plan for conciliation of the Union and the Confederacy despite the fact that they have been arch rivals.

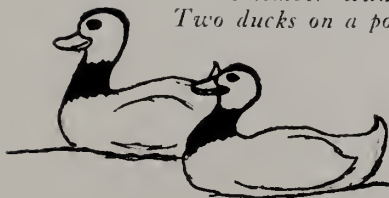
Yes, gentlemen, Abraham Sedgewick Lincoln, thirteenth president of the Union of Portland Men's Botanical and Horticultural Societies betrayed us to Geoffrey Davis, President of the Confederacy of Flowers of Boston, Men's Auxiliary. I ask that all mention of him be stricken from our records!

considerable applause

DUCKS

J. SHAPIRO '59

*Four ducks on a pond—
A blue sky beyond—
What a thing to remember,
To remember for years,
To remember with tears—
Two ducks on a pond.*



Early Departure

DEWITT QUINTAN BOTTLE

*In the well
feathers?
Floating (oily)
wretched
The swirling swelling
The voiceless YELLing
All the down-yonder(ing)
Infinitely pondering
fear-blown the future
wafts one way (clackety-trackety)
Don't forget to tip the porter.*

DeWitt Quintan Bottle in Perspective: A Review of "Early Departure"

CECIL CHOLMONDELEY

The discovery of this Bottle poem, found in his papers after his death, should, in the opinion of this reviewer, secure DeWitt Quintan Bottle's position as the most penetrating commentator on this age. Other poets, have, it is true, commented (in a minor key) on the same theme—the inflated ground-swelling trauma of man face to face with himself—but none has shown so much stature, poise, and peculiar excellence of craftsmanship. The "well" symbol (obviously the Existentialist mirror image), combined with the shockingly distraught "feathers," impales with one word a vast social fallacy (man's flight-wish exposed for what it is). "Floating" and "oily" are magnificently playful examples of

Bottle's expanding metaphor technique. The stark "wretched" uncoils like a naked snake to hiss at us before we invoke the sensuous beauty of "The swirling swelling"—alliteration being one of Bottle's most incremental effects, achieving great density "as if" in a many-doored room. "The voiceless YELLing" is a key passage. For sheer wantonness this is unsurpassed. There is good meat (and some lovely gristle) in the next two lines. Here we discover unity imposed upon experience, demonstrating a powerful sense of self-involvement. The last line is a poignant prayer.

Summing it up: A great poet's last and most strenuous act towards self-discipline.

The Diviner

MARTIN H. SAVITZ '59

AN old man suddenly appeared in the streets of Las Vegas—an old bearded man dressed in white robes and a turban. The wind had hardened his face, and the sun had turned it grey. Barefoot, carrying a staff in his right hand, he made his way slowly along the street, his eyes fixed on the ground, unaware of the people staring at him. By the time he reached the park, a small crowd was following him. The old man stopped abruptly, lifted his robes carefully, and climbed awkwardly onto a wooden bench.

He glanced at the crowd and slowly his mind drifted back, back twenty years. "Traitor! Benedict Arnold!" echoed again and again through his mind. Twenty years ago he had refused to make the terrible bomb, to kill millions of helpless people involved in World War V against their will, and now they had perfected the bomb and were about to make the final test. These very people had driven him from science to a life of bitterness and remorse in the desert, followed by religious revelation. Now he had come to warn them, and, if he could, to save them.

The blank, hazy look left his eyes. He stretched forth his hands over the crowd and raised his voice to the heavens: "Hearken unto me, my children, for I am the seventh son of the seventh descendant of the seventh caliph of the seventh empire; and unto me have come the words of wisdom from the immortal prophecies. Repent ye your sins, for your wickedness will surely destroy you."

The crowd soon grew playful with him. "Find a pulpit to preach from, you phony!"

"Heed well my warning!" shouted the old man, "the Day of Judgment is upon us. For, in the immortal prophecies it is written that on the morrow, the seventh day of the seventh month of the seventh year of the seventh Jubilee, the wealth of heaven will come down upon all sinners. Even on the very Day of Judgment, you are planning to set off another bomb of destruction. This instrument of wickedness must not go off, lest the wrath of the heavens come down upon you as the wind from the desert."



"What are you going to do, big chief, become a satellite and escape to the moon?" cried a voice from the crowd.

The old man glared at the crowd. "The pious fear death not, only sinners live in fear of dying. Ye have heard the prophecy. Warn ye your city lest this den of iniquity be destroyed."

Ignoring the crowd, the old man came down from the bench and started to leave the park. "Hey Noah, where's your ark?" But the old man continued on his way and was swallowed up by the city.

At 6:30 the next morning, the old man appeared again. He climbed onto the same

bench and stared blankly ahead. By now everyone in Las Vegas had learned of the "park-bench" diviner. A huge crowd pressed up around the bench.

Signalling for silence, the old man raised his staff and gestured around at the city. "Today is the Day of Judgment, July seve."

A flash of light split the sky. The ground convulsed violently. Then there was a tremendous blast. "Ye have not heeded my warning, sinners!" yelled the old man. "Surely this shrine of wickedness will be destroyed!"

Immediately the skies darkened. Leaves began to rustle, as a stiff breeze came in from the north, from the testing ground. Suddenly lightning flashed on all sides.

"There is still time! There is still time!" cried the old man; but mass hysteria and

panic was everywhere, and the crowd ran wildly. "Repent ye your sins, that I may ward off the wrath of heaven and save you from."

There was a crash of thunder; a bolt of lightning shot from the sky and hit the park. Slowly the smoke lifted. The old man lay on the ground, still holding his staff. He had been spared the agony.

Then, as the radio-active dust poured down upon Las Vegas, killing every living thing and purging the city, the people realized that the old man could never have saved them; for, even while he preached, they were bringing about their own destruction.

They watched as the grey cloud approached . . . watched it spread slightly and start to settle down.

The King Whose House Was Full

KENNETH LAWRENCE FREED '59

THERE was once a king who had one hundred wives. But it was the custom in the land the king ruled for a noble to have no more than fifty wives in his harem. If a noble had one hundred wives (this was very rare) it was said *his house was full*. Thus the king was called the "King Whose House Is Full."

Now, this King had a strange complex concerning his wives. Whenever he would be with them, he would say: "I am the King whose house is full. I am afraid of nothing, for I have my century of wives behind me." He would always thank the good gods for his fine fortune in having such a lucky charm as his wives. This was his clever way of boasting of their beauty.

One day, it has been said, the King was journeying with all his retinue through a strange land. After travelling for many hours along a lengthy desert road, the King, together with all his cortege, was stopped by a sickly dragon who no longer spouted flame. The sickly dragon was accompanied by a party of weak old men, the eldest of whom had three heads. The others had two. The weak old men sat in a row across the

road, blocking the King whose house was full.

Starting to disperse the weak old men, the guards of the King stopped to hear the words of the sickly dragon, who spoke thus: "He who crosses above the sages, the Guardians of the Road, shall vanish in a puff of smoke!"

The ministers of the King whose house was full were shocked by the sickly dragon's audacity, yet they advised the King to heed the monster's voice of doom. That is to say, all did so but one young adviser, who, disregarding the other's counsel, advised the King to call the dragon's bluff. The King agreed and gave the wise young minister a few bags of gold for his advice.

Then, turning to the old men, the King said: "Ye evil sinners! I am the King whose house is full. I am afraid of nothing for I have my century of wives behind me! I shall call your bluff." With this, the King whose house was full crossed above the weak old men and vanished in a puff of smoke.

Moral: Don't call every bluff — if all you have is a full house. (Tataxerxes, 97-43 B.C.)

On Progress

EDWARD COLLINS '59

(This comment was occasioned by a reading of *Man Makes Himself*, by Dr. V. Gordon Childe, an interpretive history first published in England in 1936.)

WHEN the question "Has man progressed?" is asked today, as it often is, the answer can hardly be an unequivocal and unqualified "yes." Many intelligent men doubt that the material and scientific advances of the modern world constitute true progress. Some would compare the intellectual power of ancient Greece to the shallowness of today's culture, especially here in America. If pressed in argument, they could easily point to the subtle propaganda devices, the fanatical ideologies, and the super-weapons, and ask whether any of these things truly represent "progress" in any thoughtful sense of the word.

But before one can inquire as to whether civilization has progressed, one must first define the term *progress* itself; and this is exactly what the author of *Man Makes Himself* set out to do in the opening chapter of his book. He observes that if a species can manage to survive and multiply over a period of time, it can be said to have successfully adapted itself to its environment. Beyond that adaptation, any change which helps the species to increase its numbers can be termed "progress." In the lower forms of life these changes are accomplished by natural selection. In man, they are brought about by improvements in his material culture. Man's culture, or tradition, is the accumulated body of knowledge passed down from generation to generation. While a new-born animal inherits instincts which will help it to survive, the infant human is helpless until he has assimilated tradition from his elders, until he has learned to make shelter, to make fire, find food, and so on.

The Industrial Revolution in England brought in its wake a fantastic increase in population (6,517,035 in 1750 — 27,533,755 in 1851). According to the author's definition, this increase would therefore be termed "progress." Going back through history, other revolutions can be noted, radical changes which made possible great population growth.

The first great "revolution" was the change from a hunting-fishing economy to a pastoral-agricultural one. When Man first appeared in the world, he was a food-gatherer. He lived by collecting edible roots, berries, by fishing and by hunting. Then he began to cultivate plants and to domesticate wild animals, to bring Nature under his control. The author puts forth the theory that the taming of animals first began in the desert regions of the world, especially in the Near East. Then, as the ice caps began to recede, following the great Ice Ages, the climate of the Middle East, which had previously had sufficient rainfall, began to grow arid. Areas about rivers and perennial springs were the only places suitable to sustain life; and both man and beast gravitated towards the oases and thus were brought into close contact with each other. Here, the author supposes, Man first attached the cow, the sheep, the goat, and the pig to his household. The economic feature of this first "revolution" was that a few men were now able to supply the entire community with food, whereas before, in the food gathering phase, each man in a community was barely able to eke out his own sustenance by hunting and fishing. The natural consequence in this food-producing stage was a tremendous jump in population, which is attested by the findings of archeologists. During this period, in Europe and in part of Asia, a great increase in the number of graves is discernible. (It might also be mentioned that these two economic stages are also distinguished between by the terms "paleolithic" and "neolithic." The weapons and tools associated with food-gatherers are always of rough stone, while those used by food-producers were of polished stone.)

The next great economic revolution took place on the alluvial plains of the Nile, the Tigris and Euphrates, and the Indus, and is termed the "urban" revolution. These plains were covered with swamps and jungles. To clear and drain these areas, social organization was essential. Townships and cities sprang up in these valleys.

The fact that these regions were alluvial, that they were built up of silt deposited over the centuries by the rivers, meant that there were very few stones available for making tools. In other areas, stone was

satisfactory for implements with which to till fields, and for weapons; but since it was very scarce in these river valleys, a demand for metal arose. Metal being foreign to alluvial plains, it had to be imported.

The surplus wealth had been accumulated, in Egypt by the king in the form of taxes, and in Sumeria by the priests in the form of offerings. This accumulated wealth was employed to bring copper from far off metalliferous regions and to pay the smiths who wrought it into tools and weapons. It would have been impossible for single individuals to finance the manufacture of these metal implements.

Smiths (also priests, clerks, pottery makers, etc.) were withdrawn from primary production. They were not engaged directly in the production of essentials but were supported by the surplus created by farmers. Thus, specialization of labor, which has developed to such a great extent in our society, had begun.

With commerce created by this demand for metals, a kind of specialization of labor among cities was instituted. A town in a metalliferous mountain area might find it profitable to engage wholly in mining and smelting ore, which it could exchange for the surplus produce of the cities. (It might also be mentioned that timber for building was an important article of commerce for the cities of the treeless alluvial plains.) Towns and cities thus specializing would, however, surrender their self-sufficiency.

A by-product of the urban revolution was the invention of writing and arithmetic. An account of the taxes and offerings received by Pharaoh and by the gods of Sumeria had to be kept by the clerks and priests who managed them. For the purpose, pictographic signs were used, which later became conventionalized cuneiform and hieroglyphic systems of writing. Architecture demanded a knowledge of mathematics, as did the everyday problems of complex city life. Satisfactory methods for solution of common concrete problems were founded, but the people of the alluvial plains never analyzed what they knew of mathematics into basic, general principles; instead they seemed concerned only with the practical aspects of science, not with the abstract.

Urban civilization was spread by trade and war. The cities, in order to become self-sufficient, would at times attempt to absorb their sources of supply. The towns, in order to be able to resist the cities, would have to adopt their methods of warfare. They would, to be able to compete at all

on an equal basis, have to learn the arts of metal-working so that they could manufacture metal swords. In these ways Copper-Age civilization spread to Crete, Cyprus, Syria, Troy. In turn, these secondary centers of civilizations spread the use of metal through Greece, the Balkans, Spain, and eventually all Europe by 1000 B.C.

Of course, this urban revolution made possible even greater gains in population; and, also, by the specialization of labor, brought classes into being and thus a hierarchy of class distinctions. Dr. Childe, who develops this idea further, says that it was not to the interest of the rulers to see labor-saving devices brought into being, since the rulers themselves had an unlimited number of serfs to draw upon for labor. The paradox of the system thus brought into being was that the occupation of the farmer, which was the foundation of the system, was looked down upon, while it was the non-productive offices of clerks and other court officials that were considered honorific.

Viewing the panorama of history and of these economic revolutions in the light of Dr. Childe's definition of progress, it can be said with assuredness that Man has progressed. (Though it is also better to say, too, that this is only one of a possible number of interpretations of history.) Of all the species that have inhabited the earth, Man has had the greatest success in adapting himself to his environment. It is his cultural tradition and ability to transmit ideas through speech and writing that have made this adaptation possible. Perhaps, however, Man has been too successful. Thomas Malthus first pointed out that Man's population increase proceeds in dangerous proportion to his supply of food.

The book *Man Makes Himself* breaks away from the traditional method of the political history and emphasizes the economic forces of civilization above the political and religious. Great in scope, it presents the history of Man as a panorama beginning with the first emergence of life and ending at the present day. (In this case, 1936, since the book came out then.) It looks at the whole of Man's story comprehensively, including the findings of geology, natural history, paleontology, archaeology, and prehistoric anthropology, weaving information from these sciences into its interpretive study. But more important than the book itself, which is merely one of any number of interpretive histories of the world, is the opportunity such a book gives us to reconsider the meaning of the much-abused term "progress."

An Interview with Dr. Sachar

BURTON KAUFMAN '58

BURTON MELNICK '58

Dr. Abram Leon Sachar was reared in St. Louis where he received his undergraduate education at Washington University. He pursued his graduate studies for three years at Cambridge University in England. Upon his return with his doctorate, he joined the history staff of the University of Illinois. He was one of the pioneers of the Hillel Foundation movement, which began at the University of Illinois and is now established on more than 200 campuses in the United States and Canada. For many years, he was National Director, and since 1948 has served as Chairman, of the National Hillel Commission. Upon his resignation as Commission Chairman in 1955, he was made its Honorary Chairman.

Dr. Sachar has been a radio commentator on contemporary affairs; he has become a familiar figure on many lecture platforms; he is a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; and he holds honorary degrees from seven universities, including his own alma mater.



After being cordially welcomed by Dr. Sachar, we immediately began the interview by asking him to discuss the functions of the liberal arts college. Dr. Sachar replied that, in the strict sense of the expression, Brandeis is not a liberal arts college, but a general education college. He explained that a liberal arts college offers courses in the arts and sciences, but leaves the student completely free to choose his own curriculum. A general education college, on the other hand, gives courses in the arts and sciences, but requires its students to become acquainted with each of the four major areas of knowledge, the natural sciences, the social sciences, the humanities, and the creative arts. Dr. Sachar said that in this complex world, a college graduate must have a knowledge of more than a single specialized field.

Brandeis, Dr. Sachar stated, attempts to produce well-rounded graduates, not only by distribution requirements, but also by a special course, General Education S, which

is compulsory for all seniors. In this course, many prominent people from various fields of endeavor come to Brandeis and speak of their own personal experiences. Their lectures are followed by student question periods; and, the week after they have spoken, the students again discuss what has been said. Guest speakers have included such notables as Eleanor Roosevelt and Robert Frost.

We then asked Dr. Sachar if it is true that Brandeis has a comparatively young faculty. He answered that the Brandeis plan was "to anchor a field with an eminent scholar and then to surround him with many promising young men." He also said that Brandeis has a student-faculty ratio of eight to one.

Asked why many colleges were raising their tuition fees, Dr. Sachar explained that it is much more expensive to run a college than most people believe. He pointed out that every Brandeis student who pays \$1,000 tuition is actually receiving an "un-

seen scholarship" of the same amount, since it costs the college \$2,000 to educate him. When we asked if government aid might be a solution to the problem, Dr. Sachar replied, "I have no fear of federal subsidy."

Next we asked Dr. Sachar what Brandeis looked for in a candidate for admission. His reply was that the primary factor was a mature attitude towards study. He said that this attitude was evaluated by personal and school recommendations, by the applicant's record in extra-curricular activities, and by the personal interview. He also told us that Brandeis looked more for aptitude than for achievement, and that for this reason, it places more weight on the Scholastic Aptitude Test than on the College Board's Achievement Tests. Asked whether he considered the S.A.T. a reliable measure of aptitude, Dr. Sachar said that the test was, "an accurate guide in most cases," but that it would be practically useless were there not available several other factors with which to compare its findings. He said that Brandeis' admission requirements were high, and that because of this, very few students were "lost in passing." He also mentioned that Brandeis has no quotas of any kind, geographical, racial, or religious.

The discussion then turned to high school education. When we asked Dr. Sachar whether he believed that European secondary schools had higher standards than their American equivalents, he answered that the European college freshman is generally a more mature person than the American. The reason for this, he said, is that in

Europe, only the brighter students are allowed to receive the benefit of higher education, whereas in America, we believe in "educational democracy," or education for everyone. Dr. Sachar went on to say that he was strongly in favor of the American system. He also told us that most Latin School boys achieve fine records at Brandeis, and that B.L.S. is "among the two or three best schools in the country."

Next we asked Dr. Sachar what he thought of the ideas presented in Mr. Marson's recent newspaper article. In general, Dr. Sachar disagreed. He pointed out that in making up its tests, the College Board must take into account not only theoretical but also practical considerations. He did agree with Mr. Marson that too many high school students are deficient in English composition, although he did not seem to think that this was caused by the absence of essay questions in the College Board examinations.

When we questioned Dr. Sachar about Mr. Marson's contention that because the "boards" are now held in March, rather than in June, seniors are unwilling to work up to the end of the school year, he replied that the examinations are held in March so that a college may inform a senior of its decision as early as possible. He said that he realized how anxiously applicants wait for notification. "I feel sorry for today's high school seniors," said Dr. Sachar. "After all, is it better to loaf or to go into a nervous collapse?"

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New Vistas

ROBERT D. STACKS '58



“**N**OW I ain’t — darn it — I mean, I *am not* one for bragging, but I sure was smooth in closing that deal in Gainsborough this afternoon. I’ll show those smart college boys back at the office. I don’t need no college education to be a good salesman. At the rate I’m moving, I’ll sell more this year than anybody else in the Midwest office. Why, already there ain’t — darn (I got to watch my language if I’m gonna get that promotion) there’s no one of the boys in this region that’s within two thousand of my total sales this month. ‘Course, I got to go some to wrangle with those guys in the eastern division. Selling there ain’t — *isn’t* so difficult as selling out here.

“But — just the same it’s sure a pain in the neck driving from hick town to hick town in this old heap they give me. I bet sure as shootin’ they transfer me out to the eastern division after this year. Maybe I was born and reared out in the farm land, but I’m sure as shootin’ gonna get out. There *isn’t* nothing that’s going to stop old Fred Farnum from reaching the top and I *do* mean nothing.

Yes sir, it’s the good old laugh and the hot joke that still sells the merchandise. I don’t need that fancy college way of smooth-talking customers, using charts an’ survey

figures an’ all of that other bull wash. I know what’s good for my clients, and they know it too. I kin sell them the Brooklyn Bridge, I bet, if I put my mind to it.

“Man, it sure gets dark early this time of year. I better step on it if I’m gonna make Clifton in time for supper. A long day’s work sure makes you hungry. Well, it’s just around this curve, then ten miles of straight road.

“Hey! Look out! What’s that crazy old guy doin’ walking down the middle of the road. Look out! I can’t stop in time! Look out! — Oh, God. I hit him. Oh, why did I look away? Why was I going so fast? The state troopers will hang me sure. They’re bound to see those skid marks. What was the old fool doing in the middle of the road? He was a bum, anyway — could tell from his clothes. Can’t see his body on the road through the rear-view mirror. Must’ve knocked him into the ditch. If I go back, they’ll have me dead to rights. They’ll hang me. Well, they won’t find him soon if he’s in a ditch. I gotta hurry into Clifton and get off this road.

“Must have done some damage. Wonder if he did much damage to the front end. Didn’t hear no crash — just that thud. I’ll tell them I hit a fox, if there’s any marks.

Was that ever close. Thank the Lord above that nobody saw me.

"Seem like it's taking me an hour to do ten miles. Here's the main street of Clifton. What a burg! I'll pull up at the hotel and go right to bed. No, I'd better eat supper. Got to act normal. Pull yourself together, Fred. Nothing happened. He was just an old bum. I could tell from the way he was dressed. Where's that handkerchief? Got to wipe the sweat off my brow.

"Well, there's the Keystone Hotel. It's funny how all the old gents sit on the porch and smoke their pipes on a warm night like this. Guess I'll just pull up and act casual like. Maybe I can tell a joke or two. No,

guess these hicks probably wouldn't understand a good story if they heard one.

"It's sure been a rough day, but here we are. I'll just get my trunk from the back. Why are all those characters staring at the car? A few more dents in the front wouldn't show in this old heap. I'd better get out and see. Say — maybe there's some blood on the bumper. Let's see! I know — it was a fox on the road from Scranton. Oh-- Oh---must be twenty people coming over to the hotel. Ain't they — *haven't* they ever seen a traveling salesman before? What's going on here?

"Hey, what are those guys pulling at on the bumper? What in thunder do they think they're . . . Oh no, Lord no! It *ain't* possible!

"Finis Initi"

MARTIN SAVITZ '59

"MAY there be abundant peace from heaven, and life for us and for all Israel. May He who maketh peace in His high places make peace for us and for all Israel; and say ye, 'Amen'."

The funeral service had ended. For a moment, no one stirred; then the mourners slowly began to depart. One by one they filed past the grave, each one paying his last respects in his own way. As they left, I could hear my mother and my little sister crying bitterly. I wanted to console them. I tried to console them; but I could not.

"He died so young, too."

"But there was nothing they could do for him. It was lukaemia."

"Yes, I know. They say he suffered so long."

"Must have been terrible for his family."

"Of course, but what could anybody do?"

The green grass, swaying endlessly in the wind, took in the life-saving rain, while the bare trees, drooping a little lower, looked on sadly. Behind the dark grey clouds, the sun remained hidden, refusing to cast even a ray of light, a ray of warmth, upon the dismal surroundings. Now there was the sound of the wind and the rain. I was alone now; every one else had gone.

Now there was time to think, time to rest. Many thoughts passed through my mind; there were so many things to think about, so many questions to ask! Now I remembered and understood the sermon I once heard: "Often death confronts us; yet



it cannot be understood, it must not be expected, it should not be feared. Truly, it comes as a blessing to the sick, as an escape to the imprisoned, and as a peaceful end to the blessed. One must live as though he were going to die tomorrow and die as though he were going to live forever!"

Perhaps here I first realized that the few years one spends on earth are so very slight and so very unimportant. Yes, death is only the beginning of the end, for the sleep and peace of eternity lie beyond.

The rain continued to come down. It was a cold, soaking rain; but one does not mind . . . when one is dead!!

The Record and American

KENNETH LAWRENCE FREED '59

WITH this article about the *Boston Record, American, and Sunday Advertiser*, the *Register* inaugurates a series of analyses of Boston's dailies. It is hoped that through these articles students shall better be able to appraise the newspapers which play such an important part in their lives. We should like to give our sincere thanks to the staff of the *Boston Record* whose help was most graciously offered.

The *Record, American, and Sunday Advertiser* are published by the famous Hearst Corporation. Hearst, a colorful figure in the history of American journalism, is said to have been responsible for a lowering of standards and values of American newspapers through ruthless methods employed during his long career. He is even known to have stolen news, and, when that was not feasible, to have invented news.¹ But many of these accusations are undoubtedly the hasty charges of rival newspapers. We can be sure, though, that he was responsible for adding a certain amount of color and drama to newspapers, most of which had previously been awfully dull.

The *Daily Advertiser* was first published in 1813 as a distinguished, conservative, public-spirited Boston newspaper. As for the *Record*, that paper arose in 1884 as a companion to the *Advertiser*. Hearst bought the two papers in 1917, merged them in 1920, and later put them in tabloid form under the name of the *Record*. The *Advertiser* was left as a Sunday paper. Later in the thirties, Hearst bought out the *American*, for all purposes merely the evening edition of the *Record*.

The present Hearst Corporation is a huge, powerful machine, whose policy is the entertainment of its readers, not their instruction; the publishers are honest about this.

The corporation owns about twenty papers, fourteen magazines, and three radio stations—about thirty-seven outlets in all. Naturally, with all these subsidiaries, there is not much supervision or meddling by the head office. Except for an occasional expert in layout, typography, etc., most of the employees are from the Boston area. The Boston newspapers, then, have been

able to develop their own personalities within the framework of the corporation.

You get less paper for your money in the *Record*, about a little more than three-quarters as much as in the other papers. But readers do not seem to care, for the *Record American, and Sunday Advertiser*, selling for 7c, 5c and 20c respectively, lead in total circulation, no matter how you look at it. Their total daily circulation is 588,281 to 390,701 (*Herald-Traveler*) to 374,232 (*Globe*). The Sunday circulation is less: 507,862 to 399,044 (*Globe*) to 295,512 (*Herald*).²

This greater circulation, of course, indicates that the Hearst papers are the most popular in Boston. One reason for this popularity, I believe, is that the *Record-American* writers strive to reach a great many kinds of newspaper readers. In order to cater to individual tastes, the publishers put out six editions daily, certainly more than the other papers. The theatergoer, for example, when the final curtain has fallen, can be sure he will get a newspaper "hot off the press." In addition, there is a special edition covering the Cambridge-Somerville area, as well as a fifteen-cent racing edition.

Another obvious reason for the popularity of these papers is in their tabloid format, 11" by 15". This is the easiest to read and to handle. The tabloid form, as we know it, was first initiated in London in 1905 by Lord Northcliffe. It found success in America in 1919 with the publication of the *New York Daily News*. Hearst cashed in on the tabloid's subsequent popularity. His first experiment with the form was the *Boston Advertiser*, once a proud, staid paper. Despite a tendency towards sensationalism, tabloids have, in most cases, lived down their bad reputations.

"Give them the facts with pictures" seems to be a Hearst policy. And pictures indeed. The papers are filled with interesting, if sometimes irrelevant, illustrations, of which the *Record and American* have more than the other Boston papers. Most of the photos are in the first and last quarters of the paper. In between are the all-important, full-page ads of special interest to housewives.

Approximately two-thirds of the printed space in these papers is taken up by advertising. But this proportion is standard for most papers. Before the war, there were more articles and fewer ads, but rising costs and television have undoubtedly had a great deal to do with the increase in advertising space.³ Half the advertising space is given to department, clothing, automobile, and appliance store ads; forty per cent to food and grocery ads; the rest, to entertainment and others. The *Record* and *American* have more entertainment advertising than the *Herald* and *Traveler* combined. These papers, however, devote much more space to classified advertising.

One interesting characteristic of the *Record* and *American* is the brevity of their articles. This might suggest limited sources for the gathering of news, but actually the Hearst papers engage the services of great agencies: the huge International News Service, which the Hearst Corporation owns, the Associated Press, and the features of both the Hall and King syndicates. Indeed, many newspapers not in the chain subscribe to the Hearst services. The shortness of articles, therefore, seems more a matter of policy than necessity. Such articles really cannot be slanted, since they are merely small compendiums of relevant facts. But the dangerous absence of background details and follow-up stories makes many of these articles completely useless to the reader, if he wishes to form an intelligent opinion concerning the news he reads. Even though there seems to be little serious slanting of news, the omission of vital details can affect the reader's understanding of a number of events, especially if he reads nothing more. The *Record*, for example, will usually tell that a robbery has been committed and that the suspects have been captured. Rarely, however, do we find in the *Record* that the suspects have been freed or acquitted at trial.

The following is a breakdown of non-advertising space. Naturally, not every issue follows these figures exactly. Remember that there are usually fewer pages in the *Record*. (Ten per cent of sixty pages equals fifteen per cent of forty pages.)

Local News	19%
Sports News	22%
Editorial Page, Columns	10%
International News	1%
Entertainment, Radio-TV	
Schedules and Columns	12%
Features and Miscellany	29%



International news is very rare unless it is the lead story. Features, the largest category, includes women's pages (food, clothing, new products, etc.), information columns (Social Security, health, bridge, etc.), comic strips, humorous fillers, etc. In the morning editions there is less of the features and more of the news. Financial news varies in editions. Sometimes there is a partial listing of closing prices on the New York Exchange. In many editions, however, there is only a small statement of the Treasury balance. Space for obituaries is small, and sometimes obituaries are not listed in the index.

National news in the *Record* and *American* is given a fairly large, but still inadequate, share of the space. For instance, news of Supreme Court decisions, of many Congressional hearings (not the flag-waving brand), and of many press conferences is hard to find. In general, local news takes precedence over national news, which is hidden among the department store ads. Certainly, if there is a choice, a local story will have front-page headline preference over other stories. To the other papers, with their larger front-pages, the problems connected with headline choice are not so acute. After all, they may feature both local and national stories, one, of course, subordinated to the other. Both will have front-page exposure. National

news in the *Record*, then, is up-to-date but fairly inadequate. Illustrations are lacking here also.

On the other hand, local news overflows. Here we find the traditional scandal stories that tabloids are known for. Headlines and photos catch our attention, and we might certainly prefer a little more subtlety. The biggest fault in the locally written stories, however, is their sugary sentimentality. For instance, "Pretty Nancy Bearce . . . her chin tilted *proudly*, today stuck by the *man she loves*, refusing to believe he is the \$60,000 bank embezzler the FBI claims."⁴ The stories are generally well written, however, except for the occasional use of colloquialisms. For example, a 1957 convertible is referred to as a "classy wagon." Then, too, the use of first names seems out of place. The subject in that embezzlement case is called "Bob."

Sports coverage is excellent: news columns, articles, personality stories, and up-to-date results. The section is well put together.

As far as its entertainment and radio-TV section is concerned, the *Record* and *American* serve more as a *schedule* than as a guide; for, though there are many Hollywood and Broadway gossip columns, there is a distinct need for more and better reviews and criticism.

The political thought of the papers, as reflected in the selection of commentators and in the editorials themselves, is of conservative Republicanism. For the most part, the editorials are unimportant and uncontroversial. Most of them deal with

local affairs. By far the more interesting and provocative are the syndicated columns, which usually point an accusing finger at the administration or at some Congressman in the spotlight.

A relief would be the absence of such tidy bits of information as "The population of South Dakota is . . .," "Scientists say reptiles once ruled the world . . ."; for there are such fillers in the *Record*.

The headlines used are foolish, almost insulting. They are sometimes so bad that they parody themselves. Maybe this is the tongue-in-cheek humor of the fun-loving editors. Perhaps they have little faith in the intelligence of the readers of their paper.

We have found that the *Record* and *American* are pleasant, interesting companions on the subway. They are little more, though, and it is obvious that the *Record* and *American* do not adequately educate the reader about world affairs. Intelligent decisions cannot be made with only these papers as references. The Hearst people feel that their papers fit the formula for popularity. And they do. But a steady diet of the *Record* is as bad as a steady diet of ice cream. It tastes good, but it is habit-forming and in the end bad for us. We get so fat we cannot see beyond our stomachs. But, beyond our stomachs is where important things are happening, things we cannot afford to miss. Nevertheless, a condemnation of the *Record*, *American*, and *Sunday Advertiser* is futile, for these papers have their place as entertainment. Yet it should be remembered that they are merely entertainment.

FOOTNOTES

1. Ferdinand Lundberg, *Imperial Hearst*, N.Y. 1937, Modern Library, Random House; pp. 69, 202. This book is a documented study of Hearst.

2. A.B.C. Publisher's Statements 9/30/57.

3. Television's impact on newspapers has been great. At one time the center of attraction

was the Sunday paper, but now its importance is little, the *New York Times* and a few others excepted, of course. Similarly, the growing absence of serials and other material of small *news* value can be attributed to television.

4. The italics are mine. All quotes in this paragraph are from the *Boston American*, Monday, February 17, 1958, vol. 54, no. 263, p. 7.



Lesson Seven

Note — the Register initiates its famous textbooks series with this excerpt from Wood and Heath's New Balinese Primer by Kenneth Lawrence Freed '59.

The Idealized Objective Case

USE. The idealized objective case is used when the verb is in the active voice to imply a desiring of the direct object, which is put into this case, on the part of the subject . . . *fenke b'volf, I steal the money which I want.* The case is most often used with *fan'*, to have . . . *malke fan'b, I have the desired ball or therefore I want the ball.* It is rarely used with passive verbs when, denoting object of agency, it designates the inflected noun as having once been in the possession of the subject. Ex. *neb Gjon malke grif'n.* Gjon is being hit by the ball which he once owned.

INFLECTION. The endings in all classes of nouns are the same as those of the accusative case.

M	F	N	N'	PL
-ke	-ks	-ts	-ttst	—

POSITION. The idealized objective case always precedes the last verbal element whereas the accusative follows.

.peud'b balbanttst, I beat the drum.

but *.va balbanttst peud'b, I beat that drum of yours which I want.* Note — The vocative particle *va*, when used with idealized objective, signifies ownership of the idealized (or direct) object by the listener (see Lesson III for declension of *va*)

IDIOMS. The following idiomatical expressions should be memorized.

.abe-trau manks ob'n, the early bird catches the worm.

.van nebs fassidke tseh'n, I told him where to get off.

.lim issim tseh, sometimes he talks too much.

(to preserve space, we have abridged the vocabulary and exercises. -ed.)

VOCABULARY

rhed, a writing tablet
rhedinc, a pen
volf-, to buy, to sell
-volf, to steal
prozh, big
poprozh, bigger
poprozhe, bigger than

woosh, spear
ebwoosh, cut (adj.) (speared)
boregard, practical joke
in'(n), (he) is
tseh-, to speak, say, declare
atseh-, to ask
a'', no

READING EXERCISE

.rhed Gjon volf'n .in'n Blon poprozhe Gjon "wooshttst" atseh'n Blon ak "a" tseh'n Gjon .Blon Gjon ebwoosh "low" tseh Gjon. "harbarhar hoho" tseh'n Blon .in'j boregard. . .

1. Why did William stab Gjon? 2. Where did Gjon get the writing tablet? 3. Did he steal it? 4. Did William take advantage of his physical superiority over Gjon? 5. What was Gjon's reaction to William's practical joke?

WRITTEN EXERCISE

1. See the ball. 2. I want the pen. 3. I like practical jokes. 4. "Oh no, they are not nice!" says William. 5. Sometimes you talk too much. 6. Look at Gjon and Mary. 7. "Mary," says Gjon. 8. I am bigger than you. 9. See the funny spear. 10. "Ow!" says Billy.

Salantics and You

IRVING TRAIGER '60

THE art of doubletalk is not usually recognized, for the most part, by the average person. The reasons for this passiveness are fairly grenulous, however. First, it is not an art; second, who cares anyhow? Not a few individuals indulge in such sport, a fact overlooked and overentified by most.

In some ways, the practice is closely arenated to that well-known and little beloved nothing, practical-joking. The opportunities for using doubletalk in everyday coresions are in great abundance. Telephones, elevator conversations, and chance dimilations in public places, such as restaurants and subways, are likely instances. Always the listener concentrates on the every word, but fails miserably when an increment term is suddenly injected into the patter. Of course, the perpetrator and perpetuator is entirely conscious of his incrementency, and derives great floration from the quandry of his victims.

Fortunately, the aforementioned victims are not especially apt to develop a strong palliciousness toward the doubletalker, a feeling that is often present toward the pure practical-joker. On the contrary, they (the victims) merely think that he (the doubletalker) is, in everyday terms, a nut, and make all allowances and aporlations thereof.

Modern day psychologists, or whatever they are, seem to consider practical-jokers in general, and doubletalkers in particular, not nuts, but simply mentally immature and unbalanced. The distinction is obvious.

However, I, for one, cannot go along with such badinage. The mitriator is only enjoying life. Furthermore, a person's well developed sense of humor and above-average intellect may very likely show an apparent travorism toward the art. There is surely no abnormality. If anything, a doubletalker, practising or potential, is probably anadriate to his fellow beings. Dr. Adrian R. B. Fischer, the well-known (among his avid followers and colleagues) marchologist and traveler, corroborates this opinion almost verbatim (a coincidence) in one of

his recent lintologies. Therefore, what more proof is needed?

But all this vindication cannot be correctly redeigated to the ordinary practical-joker, a personality definitely inbriant from our subject. The former will be discussed thoroughly, adreptably, and conclusively in a future treatise.

This article has been primarily concerned with the main characteristics of doubletalk, its usage, detection, cause, perlentity, and form. Although these various facets have not been completely covered, a basic education should have been defaired, if careful thought has been given to the ideas expressed here anteously. Thus my purpose will have been served, that of instrimating a knowledge in the average person about the basic facts regarding the oderration of doubletalk. And so I shall finiscate the atrummance at this point.



An Interview with Dr. Asimov

WILLIAM J. SARILL and
STEPHEN M. SCHWARTZ, '59

WITH the increasing emphasis on science and science-fiction, the Register decided that it would be of general interest to interview Dr. Isaac Asimov, professor of biochemistry at the Boston University School of Medicine and well-known science-fiction author.

Isaac Asimov was born on January 2, 1920 in Petrovichi, Russia. He was brought to this country in 1923, at the age of three, and was naturalized in 1928. He first began to read science-fiction at the age of nine, and wrote his first story at the age of eighteen. Although some time passed before he had a story accepted, Dr. Asimov feels that the time was well worth it; for during this period his style gradually matured. He entered Columbia University, majored in biochemistry, and received his B.S. in 1939, his M.A. in 1941, and his Ph.D. in 1948. From 1949 to 1951 he served as an instructor at the B.U. School of Medicine, and from 1951 to the present he has been an assistant professor. He married in 1942, and now has two children. He has written a dozen science-fiction novels, several textbooks, and hundreds of short stories. He now resides in Waltham.

At 2:30, Friday, March 7, we were introduced to Dr. Asimov, who at that moment was studying a chemistry text at a lab table. Dr. Asimov appeared to be a man about forty, with a definite intellectual cast. Swinging his well-worn chair around, he greeted us in a resonant voice and invited us to begin the interview.

Dr. Asimov's advice to would-be writers in any literary field is "read all you can," "keep on writing," and "the best way to learn to write is to write." He feels that through constant practice the extent of the writer's ability will soon become apparent.

When asked his sentiments concerning the manner in which the press is handling the current "science" issue, Dr. Asimov replied, "Whenever something happens, they [the press] run it into the ground." He feels that a less sensationalistic attitude would allow the public a more comprehensive view of the situation.

He prefers writing science-fiction to any other type of fiction because, as he says,

"Science-fiction is the last stronghold of absolutely free speech." He finds that between writing science-fiction and textbooks, he achieves a complete intellectual balance.

The type of story which is most appealing to Dr. Asimov is one which "amuses" him. By "amuses," Dr. Asimov means that the story communicates vicarious experiences, coupled with a sense of reality, to the reader, and evokes emotional reactions in the reader. Dr. Asimov likes a piece of science-fiction when it expands his intellectual horizons, and presents him with a complete, logical system of action. He believes that the experience directs his thoughts along new and different paths.

Dr. Asimov thinks that a person with a literary background is better suited to writing science-fiction than a person with a scientific background, because it is easier for a person experienced in literature to pick up the scientific knowledge necessary for writing science-fiction, than it is for a person experienced in the sciences to pick up a knack for writing fiction.

Dr. Asimov also expressed various opinions on education. He feels that courses should be designed to achieve a balance between the arts and the sciences in proportion to the capabilities of the individual student.

In his opinion, the most important single thing a student should do is to spend some amount of time giving serious thought to his future.

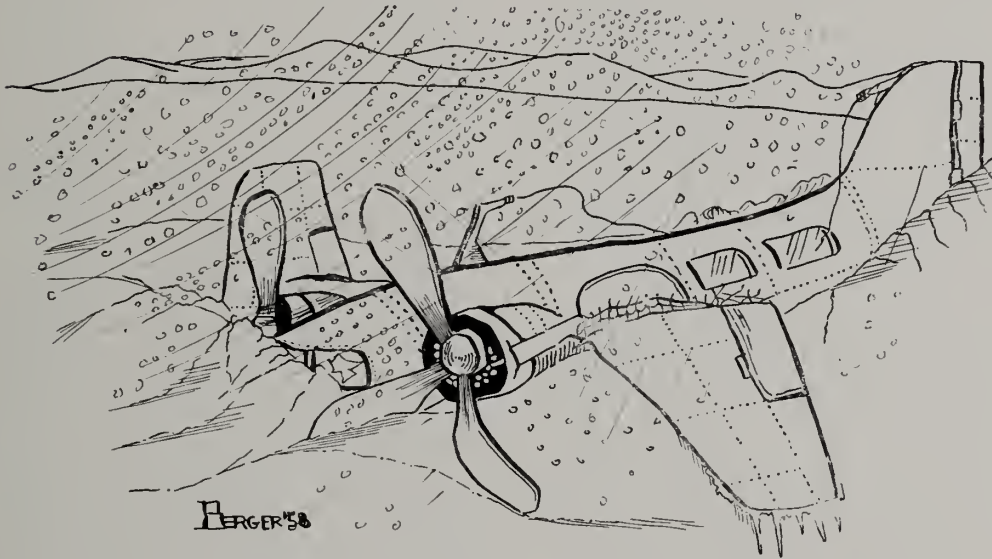
Dr. Asimov believes that teachers should be paid according to what they are worth rather than to what the public *thinks* they are worth. He refuses to believe that it is just for baseball players and movie stars to receive prodigious sums, while teachers are paid paltry wages for an important position in the American community.

He also thinks that a teacher on the college level must have a certain amount of literary ability in order to express himself better to his students.

In conclusion, Dr. Asimov stated that if he had to make a choice between science and science-fiction, he would choose science-fiction, his first interest, because in it he has found both of these.

The Crash

JASON M. BERGER '58



I HAD just gone into the rear compartment of our DC-3 to make some hot coffee. The cold had begun to penetrate the hull. I remember Jack yelling back for me to come forward, when the plane banked sharply and I stumbled into the cockpit to see our wings covered with arctic ice.

McKittrick was trying to gain altitude over the Alaskan Rockies. With Fairbanks 200 miles northwest, our chances of getting back seemed slim. Jack radioed frantically for help. The plane buckled and dived before the buffeting storm despite McKittrick's skilled efforts. I strapped myself into my seat. The altimeter spun backwards. I saw the cloudy ground rush up. Cliffs came closer, then trees, ridges. . . .

I was the first to wake up. I shook the numbness from my hand and staggered to my feet. Jack and McKittrick were slumped over their seats. I took a handkerchief out of my pocket to stop the bleeding of my nose. Then I shook McKittrick. He groaned and regained consciousness quickly. We discovered that Jack's neck had been broken. McKittrick made his way to the side hatch and forced it open. An icy wind showered him with snow. He slammed the

hatch shut again. I watched him and leaned wearily against the compartment wall.

McKittrick staggered back to the cockpit. He switched on the radio and then snapped it on and off again. Now he sank back in his seat with a long groan. The radio was dead.

I remember sinking to my knees and lying on the cold floor as a shaky fear crept into my limbs.

During the next hour McKittrick and I loaded up whatever we had on the plane for supplies. I took two blankets out of the first aid closet, while McKittrick packed the food and matches into two duffles. We took a can of oil for making fires. Then we dragged Jack's body out into the snow and buried him in a drift. No one said anything. Afterwards, before we left the wreckage, I unscrewed the compass from the instrument panel. When I came out again I could barely see McKittrick in the swirling snow.

During that first day we fought through twelve miles of blinding storm. The trek was all downhill. Before night we bedded down beneath a low ridge. The blizzard raged furiously. Snow piled up and almost buried us. Huddling together, we ate candy

bars and then we melted snow for water. Fortunately my air force boots did much to keep the bitter cold from my feet. McKittrick kept rubbing his bony cheeks to stop frostbite.

On the second and third days we came to the edge of a vast ice sheet with a mountain range in the distant mist. Fairbanks was over those mountains.

Night was torturous and sleep even worse, for there was a cold more bitter than any cold I had ever known. Since it was dangerous to sleep for more than one hour at a time, I struggled to keep erect. My muscles ached from the constant rubbing to keep them alive. After a while, an empty dullness not unlike the bleak scene before me began to pervade my senses; and I grew tensely irritable.

McKittrick and I spoke little to each other. Once I saw his foot, blood-caked, as he wrapped it in woolen strips from his underwear. But it was impossible to feel sympathy, for the dampness of the snow had seeped through our cover-alls, and both of us coughed continually.

Frostbite is a slow and agonizing killer. A numb white blemish follows a tingling sensation; then there is an itching. Soon the blemish grows, cracks, and finally becomes a lifeless hunk of rotting flesh. On the morning of the fourth day I felt a tingling and itching in my toes.

During the daytime the sun shone brightly and covered the ice field with a blinding glare that bothered us despite our darkened goggles. The snow had stopped falling, and we had begun to hope for air force rescue planes. On the sixth day — no planes, no storm — nothing but the deadly whiteness everywhere. But still we struggled on and on in the direction of a shaky compass needle.

All at once there were black clouds again, then a curtain of snow heavier than the first blizzard. The winds and snow blotted the mountains from view, and soon I noticed that the water in the compass was beginning to freeze. Every once in a while we heated the glass, but the water only froze again. Now there were nights when the hope of reaching Fairbanks and warmth seemed impossible; and I truly believed I would die. One night the cold made my whole body tremble. A burning fever consumed my strength. But even through the distorted images that reached my frozen brain, I could see that McKittrick was suffering intense pain. After that, I lost count of the days; I only know that daylight followed night, and that there was more and more snow.

When we stopped at last before a long belt of mountains that climbed straight up and ahead of us, the cold didn't seem real anymore. A pounding began in my head. McKittrick dashed ahead yelling, knee-deep in drifts on his way up the mountain. I scrambled after him. Each rise, each new ridge, brought us closer to Fairbanks.

Behind us — several miles of tracks, and before us — the beautiful, Alaskan Alps; and then beyond — the inviting warmth of Fairbanks.

We ran and rested. We climbed and tripped and fell and hurried on and on. There was a light tingling feeling to it all now. The white scene before me took on a brilliant keenness. Sometimes I shouted for joy and sometimes McKittrick even laughed.

Finally, we reached a level clearing humped high at one end with snow. McKittrick stopped suddenly and staggered back. Then I too gazed at the iced propeller blades and gleaming hull of our shattered plane protruding oddly from the snow.



Deceleration

ROBERT MULVEY '58

A STRONG, harsh light played upon the dark stretch of undergrowth on the outermost promontory of the island. The motor died, and the boat jerked to a stop some two feet from dry land. Four men alighted from the small skiff and began to unload boxes and gear.

"Thanks for the lift, Hiato," said an old gray-haired man. Dr. Usik was the leader of a scientific group which had been dispatched by the United Nations to study the effects of radioactive fallout on the remote island of Tsugaru Strait.

"See you in a week," said Usik. "By that time we should have this thing wrapped up."

"Okay," replied the lanky, complaisant cabin boy at the stern of the boat. "I'll tell the captain. Our ship makes the trip by this island about once a week."

Two men stepped out into the black water and gave the boat a shove. It slid off. Usik and his men watched the vague form of the small boat until it seemed to fold into the darkness. Someone turned the searchlight inward and the group followed the powerful beam. They came to a stretch of sand running down from a low hill silhouetted against the skyline. Here the four men dropped their equipment and assembled the tents. After awhile, they slipped into their sleeping bags. It grew quiet.

The following morning they opened the instrument bag and began their research. The radiation remained nominal, just as it had been before they landed; yet all the plants seemed to have lost their color. Truly all animal life was dead. A small snake was found on the headland and brought back to camp. Dr. Usik, a biologist, was very much perplexed. There were no signs of life in the reptile; but there were also no marks upon its body, and certainly radiation was out as a cause of death. Dr. Usik put the snake on the sand, a few feet from his tent, to see how long decomposition would take. The two youngest men, both graduate students, brought back from the other end of the island more petrified small animals, which were classified and placed in small hermetic jars.

The next few days were spent in collecting hundreds of specimens — animal, vegetable, and mineral. Toward the close of the sixth day, Dr. Usik noticed one of his young associates at the edge of the woods,

a few hundred feet away. At the same moment he happened to look at his watch. It read quarter past three.

"Well," thought the doctor, "Philip will be here in a minute and then we'll have something to eat."

The scientist had just finished marking a specimen when Philip entered the cool shade of the tent and sat down. As the doctor took the percolator in hand, he again noticed his watch — seven o'clock. The coffee pot crashed to the floor.

"Philip, Philip, look!" exclaimed the astounded old man. "It's seven o'clock!"

"What! Don't be foolish, doctor. Why it isn't even three —"

Philip was interrupted by a hissing sound from outside. They jumped to the tent flap and peered out. It was dark and the stars twinkled with a strange luster. Dr. Usik looked at his watch — 11:30 p.m. The snake wiled and bared his fangs, but the two men did not observe as the reptile slithered into the underbrush. Philip had noticed the watch also. Both bolted into the other tent and shook their comrades from sleep.

The two who had just been awakened were stunned. They too looked at the watch — 7 a.m. They spoke to one another in terror. They looked again — 11 a.m. They could feel the midsummer sun gloating through the tent. Usik was the first to gain self-control. Intending to tell the cabin boy of their predicament, he rushed to his desk; but it was already 4 p.m.

Once again the dirty frigate arrived, and the small skiff came at 10 a.m. the following day to pick them up. On shore, a few hundred yards inland, the young boy found the four bodies, one of which held a pencil tightly in its fingers. Within a few days the four had been taken to Japan and pronounced dead.

The United Nations was stunned, as was the world, by the death of some of its most aspiring and gifted men. Newspapers from Tokyo to New York carried the story; forums were held; editorials were written; nothing was done; the morgue remained cold.

While, from the corners of their eyes, the four men who had been on that island lay stiff on several tables in a well-lighted room — and watched the embalmer prepare his syringes and needles, tools of the trade.



CONSTANTINE PAPPAS JAMESON

MR. JAMESON, who teaches Latin in 115, was born in South Peabody and now resides in Brookline. He is a bachelor and a veteran, having served in the Army Signal Corps during World War II. Graduating from B. L. S., he studied at Boston College, where he received his A.B. He then went on to Harvard and State Teachers' College where he received his Ed.M. With the exception of teaching at Boston College and at the Solomon Lewenberg Junior High School, he has been teaching at B. L. S. since 1943. In public schools he has taught Latin, English, history and math; and in colleges, courses in speech, the dynamics of radio and television drama, and production.

Mr. Jameson prefers classical music, especially grand opera, and enjoys literature with a philosophical content. He has had a lot of experience in sports: baseball in college, semi-pro and even a tryout with the Red Sox; but now takes it easy with golf.

Mr. Jameson's views on B. L. S. are as follows: Faults are that the classes are too large and that an entrance exam might be preferable for all. "Among its innumerable good points are its tradition of standards and striving for a goal."

Offering words of advice, Mr. Jameson says: "Treat life as a precious gift; it is priceless but price free."

Lords and Masters

CHARLES LEE CHEETHAM

MR. CHEETHAM, who teaches math in 134, was born in Taunton and now resides in Dedham. He is married and has two grown sons. After attending Jordan High School in Lewiston, Maine, he went to Bates College for his A.B., and then to Columbia, where he received his A.M. He also attended Annapolis and during the First World War served as a commissioned officer on board battleships and destroyers. Mr. Cheetham has been teaching for forty-five years at both public and private schools.

When he is not working in his flower or vegetable garden, Mr. Cheetham takes time to enjoy his hobby, photography. He has an extensive collection of color slides, many of which he has taken in Europe.

Concerning B. L. S., he says: "Students should consider it a great honor to graduate from such an old internationally-known school."





Hockey

Technical Stops Latin

Despite a brilliant performance by goalie Ray Maguire, a hard-skating Boston Tech sextet outscored Latin, 3-1, in the second round of City League games at Boston Arena.

Tech, for the most part, dominated the play, scoring in every period against a Latin School team that couldn't seem to get organized. McGowen put the Artisans ahead at 5:19 of the first period, as his deflected shot found the nets while Latin was killing a penalty. Maguire was forced to make many stops, several of them brilliant. The second period was again dominated by the Artisans, and in this frame they scored the clincher, on which Maguire had no chance. It should be pointed out that Latin was hampered throughout the period by several penalties, a few of them questionable.

The Purple pressed hard in the final stanza, but just as they were on the brink of a comeback, Tech sewed it up with a third tally. Bill Murphy finally broke the ice for BLS with a goal at 9:42, but it was too little too late.

ICE CHIPS: Fellas, we've got to play position! — But 3-1 is no disgrace, and it's a long season. — Ray Maguire was tops, turning in 21 saves. — Billy Murphy has caged two beauties in as many games. — What well-known tackle used violent tactics in trying to enter the Arena? Huh, Mike?

LINE-UP — Goal — Maguire; Defense — Moloney, Bradley, Ferzoco, O'Leary; Forwards — Grant, Golden, McSwiney, Murphy, Elmutz, Walsh, Connolly, Moran, Maloney.

Latin Whips Dorchester

A sharp Latin School sextet, displaying power and a solid defense, whipped hustling Dorchester 6-2 in the first game of the hockey season at Boston Arena. The Purple dominated the first period, as Walsh and Elmutz scored power-play goals for a 2-0 lead.

In the second frame, Dorchester came out fighting and cracked the Latin defense for two goals, one coming while Dave "Bad Man" Walsh was serving a sentence for charging. But, at 7:14 of the period, Billy Golden evaded the Red and Black defense and set up George Grant in front of the net. Grant pulled the goalie and rammed home what proved to be the winning tally.

Latin swarmed all over Dorchester in the third period, with Grant scoring at 2:11 to ice the game. Billy Murphy, second line center, finished off a dazzling solo at 5:14, and late in the period it was Grant again to complete the hat trick, Golden assisting.

ICE CHIPS: This is obviously a championship caliber team. All-Star George Grant seems headed for another great year.



Latin Dumps Trade

Hustle and George Grant made the difference as Boston Latin racked up its second victory by defeating Trade 4-1.

Grant opened the scoring at 2:23 of the first period, as he converted a pass from Bill Golden in front of the Trade net. Murphy then made it 2-0 with his third goal in three games. In the second period, Trade scored to get back in the game briefly, but two Latin goals by Grant and McSwiney, in the final stanza, clinched the issue.

THE LINE-UP—G—Maguire; D—Moloney, Bradley, Ferzoco, O'Leary; F—Golden, Grant, McSwiney, Murphy, Walsh, Elmutz, Connelly, Moran, Maloney.

Latin Whips Memorial

Boston Latin, scoring in every period, whacked an improved Memorial six, 6-2, at Boston Arena. Latin, without the services of star defenseman Kevin Moloney, dominated throughout, with Golden starting the scoring early in the first frame.

Second period goals by Jim McSwiney and Bill Golden made it 3-0, and when Coach Thomas inserted the third line, the

youngsters came close several times. Memorial scored on a breakaway and a screen shot to climb within one goal at the end of the frame. However, Latin sewed it up as "Boom-Boom" Murphy slapped a bullet shot into the Roxbury nets, and Golden completed this hat trick in the final period. Jim McSwiney, with less than a minute remaining in the game, added the sixth tally.

ICE CHIPS: — Bill Murphy has scored in every game — the goalies must love him; he's scored with a different shot each time. Thanks to the student body for their fine support of the game.

Latin Bombs English

George Grant scored in each period today as a strong Boston Latin six overwhelmed arch-rival English, 6-2, to take over second place in the city league.

Grant opened the scoring at 1:26 of the first period with a fifty-foot bullet that hit the strings before the stunned English goalie could blink an eye. Bill Murphy made it 2-0 on a power play.

The second period brought Latin goals by Grant and Murphy, and it was in this frame that English broke into the scoring column on a screen shot. A third period goal by Grant, his third of the game, made

it quite apparent that Latin had the game sewed up. English scored once more, but just 34 seconds later, Billy Golden made a rink-length dash, and tucked the puck into the net as the crowd roared its approval of the thrill-packed game.

ICE CHIPS: — Thanks to the student body for its great support and to Manager Johnny Whelan for creating so much interest in the team.

Latin Crushes Memorial

Boston Latin ice-men recovered from a shaky start with six goals in the third period, as they smashed Memorial, 9-1, at the Arena. Billy Murphy, great Latin right-winger, continued his scoring spree, collecting three goals and three assists.

Coach Thomas rested the first team. The weak but troublesome Memorial six made Latin work for the three-goal lead they held at the end of two periods. However, in the final frame, the Purple asserted its power as Bill Golden and "Billy-The-Kid" Murphy triggered home two goals apiece within two minutes. Grant and Elmutz completed the rout in the last minute.

ICE CHIPS: — If Billy Murphy continues his fine playing, he'll be a cinch for all-star recognition. . . . Hard working Kevin Moloney finally has a scoring record. . . . Dangerous guy to have.

LINE-UP — G — Maguire; LD — Bradley; RD — Moloney; LW — Golden; RW — Grant; C — McSwiney.

SPARES — Murphy, Elmutz, Maloney, Connelly, Moran, Raftery, Barry, Zeytoonjian, Bowes, O'Leary, Riley, Pitz, Cashion, Smigliani, Larkin, Ambrose, Jay.

Tech Stuns Latin

Boston Tech exploded with three goals in the third period to shock Latin, 4-0. The artisans broke up a tight thriller, and won their sixth game in a row, despite a magnificent job in the Latin nets by Ray Maguire. Maguire's performance was the high spot of a tremendous team effort by the purple, in an attempt to gain a first-place tie.

Latin thrilled the big crowd by playing Tech to a standstill in the first period.

The second frame followed the same pattern, until Tech finally broke the ice at 8:41, on a rebound shot. As the third period began, Latin had a chance of winning, and the many BLS rooters were

screaming for blood; but suddenly the roof fell in. The powerful makeshift Tech line, rammed three pucks past Maguire in three minutes, and, taking full advantage of the lead, held off the Purple the rest of the way.

ICE CHIPS:—If Ray Maguire isn't in the cage for the city all-stars, there's no justice. . . . A landslide couldn't have covered George Grant better than did Peterson of Tech. . . . Another fine game by Kevin Moloney and Bob Bradley. . . . Halfway through the third period, Jim McSwiney lost his sense of smell. . . . That helps in the dressing room. G — Maguire; D — Moloney, Bradley, Riley, Ferzoco; F — McSwiney, Golden, Grant, Murphy, Walsh, Elmutz.

Latin Edges Dorchester

Fresh off the heels of a 9-1 rout over Memorial, Boston Latin icemen had to hold off a furious last-ditch rally as they tipped Dorchester, 2-1, at the Arena. Latin's markers were registered by Murphy and Elmutz.

The pace was fast all the way, in a game which Latin had to win to remain in second place. Murphy opened the scoring with a goal early in the first period. Meanwhile, the Red and Black were unable to solve the Latin defense.

Both goalies were busy in the second period, as the teams played wide-open, aggressive hockey, but there was no scoring.

A fired-up Dorchester team roared through our defense for a beautiful goal at the start of the third period. For some time, Dorchester kept the play in Latin ice. During this stretch, Ray Maguire made several great stops; but the pressure



was relieved as Gus Elmutz banked a 30-foot shot behind the Dorchester goalie to clinch the verdict. Dorchester scored at the buzzer, but it was ruled no goal.

LINE-UP: — G — Maguire; LD — Bradley; RD — Moloney; LW — Grant; RW — Golden; C — Murphy.

SPARES — McSwiney, Maloney, Elmutz, Connolly, Jay, Ferzoco, Riley, Moran, Walsh, O'Leary.

Latin Defeats Trade

Boston Latin icemen qualified for the state tourney today, but did so the hard way, as they dumped Trade, 2-0, in a thrill-packed game at the Arena. By winning, the Purple also clinched second place in the Boston City League.

The contest was played at a blistering pace throughout, as both teams were sorely in need of a win. Play in the first period was fast and rough, with Latin and Trade jockeying for an early lead. Finally, at 8:12, little freshman Peter Jay shocked the Tradesmen by stealing the puck three times, before finally taking it in alone. His back-hander went through the goalie's legs, to give Latin a lead which they never relinquished.

Trade pressed furiously to tie it up, but to no avail, as Gus Elmutz connected in the second frame to make it 2-0. From then on, Ray Maguire and defensemen Kev Moloney and Bob Bradley played great hockey to shut out Trade.

ICE CHIPS: — Latin will meet Quincy High School in the first round of tourney play. . . . Quincy was runner-up to Col-

umbus in the Metropolitan League. . . . Maguire was magnificent, as usual. . . . The city all-star team was announced before the game. George Grant, Bill Golden, Bill Murphy, and Ray Maguire will represent the Purple.

LINE-UP — G. — Maguire; D. — Moloney, Bradley, Riley, Ferzoco, Forwards: — Grant, Golden, Murphy, McSwiney, Jay, Elmutz, Connolly, Maloney, Moran.

Latin Blanks English

In the final city league game of the season, Latin scored early, and then held on to the lead to blank arch-rival English, 1-0. The game was played under difficult conditions, because the storm upset the whole program. Therefore, the players did not even have time to remove their skates between the periods.

Leo Maloney's first period goal made the difference in scoring. Ray Maguire foiled every scoring attempt of the Blue and Blue. The English team was up for the game, and made a much stronger showing than was expected. However, Latin's superior depth told the story, and the Purple skaters prevailed.

ICE CHIPS: — The team roared to its best season's record in 3 years, 8-2. Bill Murphy finished third in the league scoring race. . . . Good luck to Mr. Thomas's proteges in the state tourney.

LINE-UP — G — Maguire; LD — Bradley; RD — Moloney; LW — Grant; RW — Golden; C — Murphy; Spares — McSwiney, Elmutz, Jay, Ferzoco, Moran, Connolly, Zeytoonjian, Maloney.

Basketball

Memorial Tramples Latin

The defending champions from Roxbury mauled a confused Latin quintet, 61-43. Fighting hard all the way, our boys were only six points behind early in the fourth period. That's when the roof fell in. Although at a distinct disadvantage in height and weight, the Green and Yellow hoopsters exhibited the speed and poise which have made them a perennial powerhouse. In the final stanza, Memorial's

timely rebounding and accurate shooting submerged the Purple and White.

FREE THROWS: Coach Patten is using his strong second stringers frequently and to great advantage. . . . Mike Reilly fouled out before the first half was over. Temper, temper Mike.

F—Kerzner (15), Haynes (4), Brogna (4), Khouri; C—Reilly (5), King (6); G—Carey (4), Bilodeau (3), Karp (2), Walsh.



Latin Topples Tech

The 1958 edition of the B.L.S. basketball team had an auspicious start, easily beating Tech, 57-47. With eleven lettermen returning from last year's squad, Coach Steve Patten has a strong nucleus to start with. Captain Jim Carey is teamed up with young Tom Bilodeau at guard. Center Mike Reilly and forwards Hal Kerzner and "Cool John" Haynes handle the rough stuff up front. Joe Brogna, Fred Karp and "Gig" Khouri are extremely valuable substitutes.

FREE THROWS: The added experience, depth and rebounding should vault our team high up in the hoop circuit. At any rate, we ought to see a marked improvement over last year's dismal showing. Good luck en route to the Tech Tourney, fellahs!

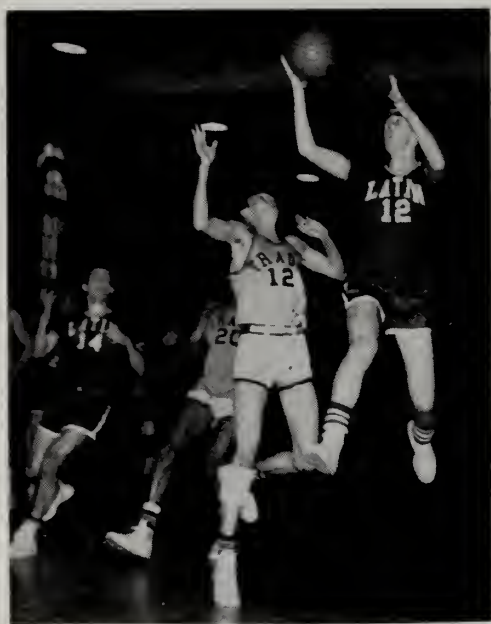
Forwards—Kerzner (23), Haynes (2), Brogna (2), Khouri (2); Center—Reilly (4); Guards—Corey (13), Bilodeau (1), Karp (1).

Latin Wrecks Trade

Bouncing back from their first defeat, Latin ran Trade into the court today, 81-61. The contest was never in doubt as B.L.S. took the lead at the outset, never to be headed. Jim Carey's eighteen points led the onslaught. Each of the other first stringers also hit double figures in the scoring column.

FREE THROWS: The team displayed a fine style of play, which will have to be maintained if they are to remain contenders . . . The excellent percentage at the foul line was a heartening sign of the team's progress.

F—Kerzner (15), Haynes (12), Khouri, J. Costello, E. Costello; C—Reilly (17), King; G—Carey (18), Bilodeau (15), Karp (3), Walsh (1), Haynes, Rosenthal.



Latin Tips Dorchester

For the first time in three years, B. L. S. defeated Dorchester in a hoop contest, 62-58. The Red and Black overcame an early eighteen-point deficit to draw within two points, with less than a minute to play. However, "Gig" Khouri completed a clutch three-point play to pull the game out of the fire. "Cool John" Haynes took an early shower after winning a one punch knockdown victory over a overly aggressive Dot player.

FREE THROWS: Joe Brogna is still out of action with a very bad cold. . . . Hal Kerzner leads the Purple and White scoring so far with 59 points in four games. Captain Jim Carey has 50. Mike Reilly and Tom Bilodeau follow with 40 and 38 respectively. John Haynes has 27.

F—Haynes (9), Kerzner (6), Khouri (5), Costello; C—Reilly (14), King (3); G—Carey (15), Bilodeau (10), Karp, Walsh.

Latin Succumbs to B. C. High

The undefeated B. C. High Eaglets, led by their great center, Jim Hooley, roared over the Purple and White, 75-52. The lanky All-Star easily dominated the game, scoring 36 points and controlling both backboards. Latin, on the other hand, seemed completely confused in the small B. C. High gym. The Pattenmen missed consistently from the floor and couldn't adjust defensively to their high-scoring opponent.

FREE THROWS: For the second time this year, our boys failed to look impressive against a strong team . . . Coach Steve Patten added another technical foul to his long list.

English Surprises Latin

The Blue and Blue tipped B. L. S. in the last ten seconds of the overtime period, 56-54. Leading most of the way in a close battle, Latin faltered at the end. The Purple and White halftime lead of 27-20 slowly faded away as their shots failed to connect. Luckily, Joe Brogna came out of a sick bed to tie the game as the final buzzer sounded. However, this only temporarily postponed the defeat.

FREE THROWS: Once again the "Haynes Harem" provided the gym with an air of feminine pulchritude . . . "Tex" Tacelli is coming out of retirement. This hardened veteran could provide the team with the spark it so dearly needs.

Latin Beats Tech

The Purple and White hoopsters began the second half of the season with a 70-62 victory over Technical. The contest was close all the way, until a last ditch surge by B. L. S. clinched it. In getting the team back on the winning trail, Coach Patten used his substitutes only sparingly. The fine scoring balance of the club was pointed out when all five starters hit double figures.



Track

Latin Second in Regimentals

A surprising B.L.S. squad, which rolled up 73 points, was topped only by powerful English High in the City Championships. Ten other schools lagged far behind.

Not one point was scored in Class A by the Purple and White. Injuries to Co-Captains Frank Mancini and Mackin were decisive in Latin's poor showing in this class.

However, Class B featured double winners, Lowell Davidson and Lloyd Parham. Each tied for first in the high jump; then Lowell won the 440 and Lloyd took the low hurdles. Loren Clayman copped the 50-yard dash. Ronnie Biggar won the 1000. In the field events, Karl Prinz and Nick Abraham took first and fourth respectively in the shot put. Ashley Sheetman placed first in the broad jump, while Jerry Ronkin took fourth.

In Class C, Howie Bailey won the 176, Frank Comerford gained first place and Jim Gale, fourth in 220. Cain Felder was fourth in the 600. Dick Newburg won the 50-yard dash. John Andronica came in second and Bernie O'Neil copped fourth place in the short. The Class C relay team, composed of Howie Bailey, Frank Crawford, Dick Newburg and Jim Gale came through with a resounding triumph.

BREAKING THE TAPE: Consolations are extended to Ed Bell, Bob Ramsey and Dick Garibaldi, who all suffered injuries. Each was a constant scorer all season. Congratulations to Lowell Davidson, who,

having broken a sixteen year-old record in the trial heat, came back to break his own record in the finals. His 55.8 helped him maintain his record of never having been beaten in Boston school competition.



Swimming

This year, for the first time in the history of the swimming team, the Boston Latin and English High School swimming teams will combine against several college freshman teams. The Latin group will take on all other comers in the schedule by itself.

The team is very fortunate to have five letter-men returning this year: two seniors, two juniors and one sophomore. The five letter-men are: Giuliano, Bernstein, Levy, Bretagne, and McCarthy.

Fifty boys showed up for the tryouts on November twelfth. Of those — Groszold, O'Rourke, Lynch, Galvin, Connors, Dunkin, and Burke showed unusual form and promise.

This year's schedule has yet to be completed; but, so far, meets with Dean Junior College, Huntington Prep and Brockton and English High are planned.

EDITORIALS

In recent weeks, as unexpectedly we found ourselves outdistanced by Soviet scientific effort, we permitted a single spectacular triumph to take precedence over nearly all other concerns. Suddenly, illogically, Sputnik had blinded us to the fact that the security and continuation of our way of life are not to be found solely in the projection of satellites or missiles, in the building of bases in Europe for weapons with atomic war heads, or in a frantic, ill-planned increase in the hours of science taught in schools and colleges. Intelligent thinkers know that we have reached an ultimate stalemate in any all-out use of force; for we have the power to destroy each other. Mr. Krushchev has made very plain his belief that the quality and character of tomorrow will be determined by a struggle on a world scale between our two different ways of life—the way that he and his supporters represent, and the way that we represent. Krushchev has bluntly challenged us to economic competition; to competition in the realm of ideas; competition in character and quality of life; competition between what he would call the well-being of people, and what we, nurtured as we are in the traditions of democracy and Godliness, regard as the well-being of people. And it is in these areas, rather than in the areas of missiles, etc. (important as these are), that the final decision about tomorrow will come. We are a people who have concentrated on the body and its comfort. Thus, in a very real sense, we have become materialists. But we also know that there are situations in life which we cannot handle by ourselves, but which can be handled in the strength of God. This America of ours, a democracy that has its roots in God's teaching, will not be true to its past, if it fails to see beyond the satellite orbit.

*The Sun is old.
It is red now,
Cooling, its
Tensions relaxing.
It is tired . . .*

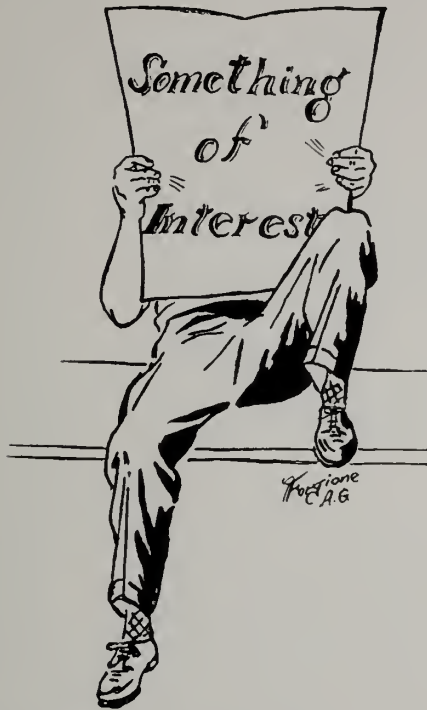
Rebirth

WILLIAM JAMES SARILL, '59

*The Galaxy is old.
It spins slowly,
Heavily, upon its axis,
Its pale wreath of stars
Only a remnant of its
Former glory.*

*The Universe is old.
Its scattered, far flung
Segments once again return
To their origin,
There to coalesce
And fuse anew.*

*All is returned to
Primeval flame,
And there is—
Unity.*



CONGRATULATIONS are extended to Robert M. Barnett, James H. Gordon, Niel E. Gretskey, John E. Keefe, Joseph A. McDonald, Hugh W. McNulty, Burton Melnick, Stewart A. Millner, Sherman F. Rosen and Robert M. Smith, who have been awarded Certificates of Merit by the National Merit Scholarship Corporation, as a result of their outstanding achievement in the scholarship qualifying test and the Scholastic Aptitude test. This year, the Latin School has more Merit Certificate winners than does any other public high school in the state. In addition to the ten finalists, we have five boys who have received commendations for their fine work in the tests. They are: Daniel J. Fitzgerald, Donald Richard Ignatius Friary, Joseph Gerstmann, Leonard M. Goodman and Martin H. Max.

In addition to scholastic excellence, our school has shown her athletic prowess by sending both the basketball squad and the hockey team to the Tech Tourney at Boston Garden. Our Class Five and Six basketball team had a perfect record this season, and John Walters of Class Six has won the North American Invitational Speed Skating Championship.

At the Christmas assembly, Arthur "Tex" Tacelli was awarded the Charles E. Grinnel Memorial Scholarship. This prize

ROBERT M. BARNETT '58

is awarded to that member of the graduating class, who, in the opinion of his classmates, is the best example of scholarship, self-adjustment and school spirit. Also at the assembly were the thirty-five newly-inducted members of the National Honor Society. These boys were selected because they meet strict requirements in scholarship, character, service, and leadership. Congratulations, gentlemen.

On Thursday, January 9, Governor Furcolo, accompanied by his council and a horde of newsmen and photographers, entered the assembly hall and conducted a meeting of the Governor's Council before a large group of attentive students. A lively question period followed the regular business of the meeting. When it was lunch time, the session was still proceeding at an intense pace. His Excellency was willing to stay for as long as the boys desired, but the headmaster was forced to call the audience away from the session sometime after the third lunch.

Tamar Sharom, Israeli delegate to the United Nations, addressed a joint meeting of the Pen Pal, Citizenship, and Geography clubs on January 28. Mr. Sharom delivered a very interesting talk on the Middle East Crisis.

This year, the National Honor Society Review was a huge success. Acrobats, comedians, musicians, and magicians entertained a sell-out throng on the last Friday evening of January. The profits from this show will be used for scholarships to aid deserving seniors. We wish to thank Major Kelly and Messrs. Hopkinson and Jameson, the boys of the Honor Society, and all performers.

One Tuesday afternoon in February, the voices of four seniors were heard on Radio Station WHDH. George Khouri, Robert Kutasz, Francis Mancini and Jerry Flaherty had not seized control of the station by a coup, but were representing the school on the Bob Clayton Record Poll.

Hugh McNulty and Howard Phillips have appeared on the popular television show "Youth Speaks Its Mind," seen and heard on WGBH-TV. On one occasion, Mr. Pearson moderated the panel discussion.



REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

- December 3:* Overheard in 303: "Speak before you think. . . . I mean think before you speak."
- December 4:* Today Ye R.R.R. received 3 marks for wearing short shorts.
- December 5:* Today Ye R.R.R. received 2 marks from his gym teacher for not having his short shorts. — You just can't win.
- December 6:* Supermarket thought-ad for the day: "Why go elsewhere to be cheated when you can come here."
- December 10:* *Pupil to mother:* "Mother, I have just failed three subjects. Prepare father."
- Mother to pupil:* "Father prepared. Now prepare yourself."
- December 11:* What senior in 333 was barred from the Highway Safety Club for continually parking his car in unauthorized zones?
- December 13:* Today, the 13th, Ye R.R.R. did not fail any tests. He was afraid to go to school.
- December 16:* The pervasive gloom, reminding them of the pristine brilliance of the initiation, made them think that the time was propitious. Tiddly-winks, anyone?
- December 17:* "Man, dig that crazy chick!"
- December 19:* The writers of this article had nervous indigestion today. It seems Christmas music doesn't agree with baked beans.
- December 20:* Because of the Christmas party in 129, there were no more H-bars to be had in lunchroom.
- January 2:* *Overheard in 307:* "The assignment for tomorrow is . . ." Oh, well, here we go again.
- January 3:* *Master in 306 to Zilch:* "Did you know that a street cleaner was canned because he couldn't keep his mind in the gutter?"
- January 6:* What physics teacher was responsible for the smell of rotten eggs? Trying to wipe out all the ginks huh?
- January 7:* Today the upperclassmen chose Beethoven's Fifth Symphony as their number one song. What happened to Danny and the Junior?
- January 8:* Did you know that NaHSO_4 is the chemical symbol for sodium bisulphate? Well, it cost Ye R.R.R. 3 points to find out.
- January 9:* The new picture playing at the Gary Theatre is really old stuff now.
- January 10:* Today Ye R.R.R. was absent from school. He was studying for the S.A.T.'S.
- January 12:* Today Ye R.R.R. started studying for March's S.A.T.'S.
- January 15:* *Major Kelley to bright private:* "In which battle did General X say, 'I die happy'?"
- Bright private to Major Kelley:* "In his last."
- January 16:* Today Ye R.R.R. was forced by a certain master in 334 to buy two tickets to the National Honor Society Review. Voluntary charity, of course.
- January 20:* What happened to the last four days, zzz-zzz ho-hum zzz-zzz.
- January 21:* Beginning next week, Class I will have first period in Barney Scheff's.
- January 22:* *Teacher in 312:* Zilch were you copying Jo-Jo's answers?"
- Zilch:* "No, sir, just seeing if he had mine right."
- January 24:* Today Ye R.R.R. was told by his doctor that he was suffering from

a case of supersaturated duodenum. For you plebians it means a stomach ache.

January 28: What three senior homerooms have a combined average in physics for the month, equal to one kilogram of mercury under a pressure of 14.7?

January 31: Today *Ye R.R.R.* saw a certain master absconding with the proceeds from the N.H.S. Talent Show. See you in Miami, sir.

February 3: Flash—The violinist who performed at the N.H.S. Review was really performing.

February 4: *Teacher*—From where did you get your information?

Student: Stop and Shop encyclopedia.

February 5: *Overheard in 334:* *Teacher:* "What are the principal parts of the verb—to drink?"

Pupil: "Drinko, drinkere, drinki, drunk?"

Teacher: "Hic, haec, hoc."

February 6: *Master to senior:* "What will be your class quotation?"

Senior to master: "I came, I saw, I almost didn't make it."

February 7: Isn't it strange how the membership of the school's organizations grew by leaps and bounds while pictures were being taken this week?

February 10: *Major Kelley to captain:* "March that company back to where they were."

Captain to company: "Company, get right back where you were! March!"

February 12: *Question:* What is a three letter word that means fail.

Answer: Red.

February 14: Today is a very important day:

It is the day before vacation, the end of the marking period and the anniversary of the tenth day the S.A.T. results have been overdue.

February 24: What boys in Room 332 are offering to the highest bidders a chance to also get an "800" in March's S.A.T. tests?

February 25: *Teacher in Room 207:* "What is popular government?"

Pupil: "The first two weeks that a party is in office."

February 26: Will the boys in Room 333 please give their English teacher back his chair?

February 27: *Overheard in 304:* Sir, are you sure this is an eminently fair test?"

March 2: Seen in bulletin—The Mathematics Club will meet Wednesday in Room 231 at 2:10 P.M. Topic: "The understanding of the number system."

March 8: Today is deadline and at this time it is customary for *Ye R.R.R.* to reveal their identities. But since Scopa, Berenson, Melnick, Kaufman, and Carangelo do not like to brag, they shall refrain from this custom.

Ode to the Tzetze Fly

MARTIN H. SAVITZ '59

*All hail the tzetze fly,
The mighty tzetze fly,
E'er feared by beast and man.
Mosquito doth not hold the power
To make one run away and cower;
But the tzetze fly,
Hardy tzetze fly, can.*

*All praise the tzetze fly,
The lusty tzetze fly,
A bold and husky sight.
All other insects do their best
To never let one sleep and rest;
But the tzetze fly,
Sturdy tzetze fly, might! !*

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